

vice with the rebel forces, was long since reduced to a scence. So rebels who could better serve their master on one side of the lines were received, concealed, rechristened, and sent on their several errands, by these traitors; while the burning of government steamboats, storerooms, arsenals, etc., etc., the expulsion by violence and outrage of earnest Unionists from Copperhead neighborhoods in loyal States, where their presence was deemed undesirable, and the assassination of Union soldiers wherever it could be accomplished with impunity, were among the darker deeds of these villains. One of their major-generals in Indiana was, for some time engaged in the manufacture of "Greek fire," to be used in the destruction of government steamers and other property.

The North-western Confederacy, which these conspirators professed to contemplate, was to be a mere tender to the Southers, by which it would very soon be absorbed. It was simply a convenient watchword for treason.

Judge Holt concludes his Report—every word of which ought to be read by each American—

in these words: "The present state of rebellion and this secret Order—which is but its echo and spiritual ally—we cannot but be amazed at the utter and wide-spread profligacy, personal and political, which these movements against the government disclose. The guilty men engaged in them, after giving their solemn asseveration, seem to have trod over every law, human and Divine. The Judge produced but one Judeas Learoy, and Rome, from the ranks of her demoralization, produced one Catiline; and yet, as events prove, there has arisen together with our traitors a Northern party, all of whom are by the same principal spirit, and all struggling with the same relentless malice for the dismemberment of our Union. Of this extraordinary phenomenon—not paralleled, if not believed, in the world's history—can we not say that all these traitors and their fedid streams of crime will be traced to the same common fountain. So fiercely intolerant and impious was the temper engendered by slavery, that when the Southern people, after having controlled the national councils for half a century, became possessed of the entire continent upon the government with the insidious fire with which they would have drawn their revolvers on a rebellious slave in one of their negro-quarters; and they have continued since to prosecute their warfare, amid all the barbarisms and atrocities naturally and necessarily inspired by the spirit of slavery, and the interest of the slave, to affirm to themselves and their country. Many of these conspirators, as is well known, were fed, clothed, and educated at the expense of the nation, and were loaded with its honors at the very moment they struck at its life with the intent to annihilate it. A son of Abraham, the son of his own mother, while impudently stigmatizing her on her cheeks. The leaders of five traitors in the loyal States, who so completely fraternize with these conspirators, and whose machinations are now unmasked, it is as clearly the duty of the Administration to expose and punish it. It is its duty to subjugate the rebels who are openly in arms against the government. In the performance of this duty, it is entitled to expect, and will doubtless receive, the zealous cooperation of true men everywhere, who, in crushing the traitors so embusomed in the haunts of this secret Order, should rescue the Union from the darkness the armlets which are so nobly sustaining our flag on the battle-fields of the South."

"Respectfully submitted,

"J. Holt, Judge-Advocate-General."

THURLOW WEEDE

From the Rochester Express.

The Albany Journal of Friday last contained a two column letter from Thurlow Weed, more bitter and offensive against the earnest Union men whom he has lately been assailing, than anything he has before written. He announces, however, that despite all his objections to the emancipation or "abolition" policy of President Lincoln, he shall yet feel constrained to support him. To this conclusion we suppose there can be no objection. The principles of the Union Republican party are morally so much above those by which politicians have been guided, that it is no matter of surprise if some, especially those who have been longest in the business, are utterly unable to appreciate them. The success of the Union party has also the unfortunate effect of drawing into it a large class of men whose only idea is to make its triumphs subserve their own selfish ends. We do not expect to rid ourselves of these elements entirely, but we can be pained when they intrude themselves upon the public as leaders of a party whose vital principles they oppose, because they can neither understand nor care for them.

Thurlow Weed was an able political leader in years past, partly, perhaps, showing that he was a better man than; but mainly because the parties of those times were based only on questions of expediency, and policy, among which he was always in his element. But so soon as new parties arose, involving high moral issues of right and justice, Thurlow Weed fell, never to rise again. He has failed most miserably in meeting great moral questions, because the moral nature of the man seemed to have been left out in his organization. None have been pained more at this failure than those old friends of Thurlow Weed who remember the days of his youthful vigor and manhood. Since the war commenced, all his discussions of its character and ends have been the veriest drivel and absurdity, such as could only proceed from a man talking about subjects of which he had no real comprehension. Drunken with the lust and spoils of office, the sole old man has only exposed his own nakedness, over which his trusty friends would carefully and reverently step backward and throw the mantle of oblivion, which has now become for him the kindest charity which any of them could perform.

We do not mourn for Thurlow Weed as for some great and good man, suddenly falling from high virtue to the lowest depths, for such he never was, and to him no such fall was possible. But for a man, once respected and honored, at least among, if not of the really great and good men of the nation, it is too pitiable now to see his old age made the sport of his ancient enemies, and his senile mauldrings about "abolition" copied approvingly into the Copperhead press.

Our cotemporaries of the Democrat notices Mr. Weed's manifesto as follows:

Mr. Thurlow Weed, after doing all in his power to destroy the Union party, and build up the Copperhead Democracy, after publishing attacks upon the Administration, whose malignity was only excelled by their stupidity, and after coqueting and cohabiting with the McClellanites as long as he could, and then, in his fits of rage, attacking the result of the October election, that Mr. Lincoln is certain of success. His keen sense for the spoils, cultivated by long years of political plunder, tells him where to seek his prey, and so he hurriedly breaks from the embrace of his Copperhead friends, and runs from the camp, from which he has been harbored, with all his might, by the Union party, and cries out, "Hurrah for Lincoln! Let me in! Let me come back! I'm all right now!"

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

From the Sunday Register.

The citizen soldiers of the American Republic presents to the world one of the sublimest spectacles recorded in its history. Not only are all the most valiant qualities of a soldier such as courage, bravery, skill, courage, heroism, endurance, patriotism, etc., of course, in themselves sufficient to consecrate the soldiery of any nation; but in that other feature almost peculiar to the soldier of the United States—that he is called upon not only to fight the enemy in the open field, with the bullet and the bayonet—but that he is called, and willingly comes home to fight the secret foe with the ballot. His undoubted right of suffrage, he leaves the front to go and exercise, that he and his country may not be stabbed unto death by the traitorously behind.

The Mason (Ga.) Constitutional, in an article we copied a few days ago, on the kindness of Gen. Sherman, marvels where the troops that it professed to have been so kind to, are now, "where are they going?"

When the wondering world of the world of triumph in the State of Indiana, he will wonder still more, while his wonder is satisfied, that such things can be. He will partly know that the Indiana soldiers, prevented by the vote of the Copperhead Legislature from exercising the highest privilege the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every citizen alike, in the front, where they stood, a living wall between their families and the infatuated men who would so gladly ruin them with their country—and where, in all likelihood, they were needed—had strapped their knapsacks upon their backs, trailed their arms, and with double-quicke march to the polls to deposit their ballot.

But the wondering rebel will be a deluded rebel, who imagines that while the soldiers of the Union are so true and prompt in the claim of their right as citizens, and its many assumption, their watch by the camp—deserted. No! That too, is guarded, by other hearts as true—and it may be a few thousand of the dusky sons of the South stand their watch for a few brief hours!

Habent exercitum their right, and performed their duty as citizens exclusively, and so aided in the great and peaceful way to save their government, that they go back to labor is a more turbulent and warlike manner for the same good and noble end. "I came not to bring peace, but the sword, into the world," said Christ, and to set the world at variance with itself, until the wrong is banished from its fair face.

The way to peace of mind is through tribulation of soul; and the way to National peace is through general conciliation, whereby the evil agencies among the people are distracted and made powerless, and the latent virtues are startled into life and activity. Temporary war is the road to perpetual peace; and though we may not hope for this high consummation from the present war, we can be happy in the consciousness that we have made a long stride in that direction.

Not the least, then, but the most glorious and brightest feature of the war originated by conspiracy to overthrow the liberties of the people, and prosecuted now to suppress the huge rebellion that conspiracy made.

The most humiliating and blackest feature of the same war is that there was a necessity for a reprobate to all the lukewarm and a scull to all the nominal in the Union ranks. He was brought to Philadelphia on election day, with the impression of death.

With it that the Louisville Journal ran away now, of the sort? Will Lincoln's browns explain all this change? Has the Journal lost its audience with the mob party?

It is a "cruel war" that so interferes with the sports of the Slave Power, which prevents its devotes from bearing arms, oppressing, oppressing, and destroying a few objectionable slaves, now, any day in the week, to say nothing of the Sabbath.

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THE AND OF NOW.—We are very sure that the same

and of state abuse and charges of Abolitionism, which

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by a pro-slavery mob, any day in the week, to say nothing of the Sabbath.

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With it that the Louisville Journal ran away

THE GIANT.

By JOHN A. DODGE.

The giant grisly and gaunt and grim
Took full of land and life and limb,
Of life and death, of joy and pain,
Nothing went free through his domain.
Was it the magic ring he wore,
Or that enchanted scythe he bore?
But unto us it was given to gaze
Upon his many-wrinkled face.

Up and down and to and fro
Through his wife's empire did he go,
Like lightning through the startled air,
Seemed here and there and everywhere.

And south to say, with unheard spells,
He wrought both strengths and miseries,
Till the world's small question met
The fateful purpose of his thought.

Even as he willed they rose and shone,
Or set, or perished; he alone
Ruled the swift seasons, and the seas
Bade ebb and flow in storm or peace.

A restless spirit, stern and strong,
And silent ever; seeming wrong
He did; and all men hated him.
That giant grisly and gaunt and grim.

They heaped his name with every curse;
They swore his rule grew daily worse;
All their ill-tidings lay on him,
That tyrant grisly and gaunt and grim.

Better the power known, than the awe
Of seeing disaster, and lawless law
The uncertain, and patient
Heard the imperious harmony.

Better and braver the world they found;
Truer the men and women around;
They uttered words sublime
To that dread giant whom men call Time—

"Not Death but Change doth thou ordain,
Unreal pleasure and seeming pain;
Better the light than the frosty dark;
The spirit's spark."

"Fainter will call thee, but wiser, we
Bore before these, Eternity!"

So, as they uttered his real name,
The giant smiled and gave them Fame.

THE IMPEDIMENTS TO THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

The following is the concluding portion of the paper read by Dr. Livingstone before the British Association at Bath, on the 10th of September:—

"The slave trade is the gigantic evil which meets us at every step in that country. We cannot move through any part without meeting captured men and women bound, and sometimes gagged; so no good can be done if this crying evil is not grappled with."

"The good bishop had some 200 people entirely at his disposal, and would have given power to the commandant of a free community, supported by its own industry, that the fair dealing could be met,

which would undoubtedly have exerted immense influence, for whether the English name is known it is associated with freedom and fair play. Some seem to take a pleasure in running down their fellow-countrymen; but the longer I live I like them better. They carry with them some sense of law and justice, and a spirit of kindness, and were I in a difficulty I should prefer going to an Englishman in preference to any other for aid; and as for Englishwomen, they do undoubtedly make the best wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters in the world. It is this conviction that makes me, in my desire to see slavery abolished and human happiness promoted, ardently wish to have some of our countrymen transplanted to a region where they would both give and receive benefit, where every decent Christian Englishman, whether Churchman or Dissenter, learned or unlearned, liberal or bigoted, would actually become a blessing by introducing a better system than that which has prevailed for ages. We conducted Bishop Mackenzie and party up to the highlands, and after spending three or four days with them, returned, and never had any more connection with the conduct of that mission. We carried a bust past Murehison's Catastrophe. By these the river descended at five different leaps of great beauty, 1,200 feet in a distance of about forty miles. Above that we had sixty miles of fine, deep river, flowing placidly on to Lake Nyassa. As we sailed into this fine, freshwater lake we were naturally anxious to know its depth—10, 12, 20, 30 fathoms—then no bottom with all our line, and John Neil, our sailor, at last pronounced it fit for the "Great Eastern" to sail in. We touched the bottom in a bay with a line of 100 fathoms, and a mile out could find no bottom at 116 fathoms. It contains plenty of fish, and great numbers of natives daily engage in catching them with nets, hooks, spears, torches, and poison. The water remains about 70 deg., and the crocodiles, having plenty of fish to eat, rarely attack men. It is from 22 miles of its length. As seen from the lake it seems surrounded by mountains, and from these furious storms come suddenly down and raise high seas which are dangerous for a boat; but the native canoes are formed so as to go easily along the surf. The apparent mountains on the west were ascended last year, and found to be only the edges of a great plateau 3,000 feet above the sea. This is cool, well watered, and well peopled with Manganga and Maran, some of whom possess castles; and I have no doubt but that the first hardship, or, properly housed and fed, Europeans would enjoy life and comfort. This part of Africa has exactly the same form as Western India at Bombay, only this is a little higher and cooler. Well, having now a fair way into the highlands, by means of the Zambezi and the Shire, and a navigable course of river and lake of 400 miles, across which nearly all the slaves of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, as well as some for Cuba, went, and nearly all the inhabitants of this densely populated country actually knowing how to cultivate cotton, it seemed likely that their strong propensity to trade might easily turn to the advantage of our own country as well as theirs. And here I beg to remark that on my first journey my attention not having then been turned to the subject, I noticed only a few cases of its cultivation, but in this I saw much more than I had previously any idea of. The native cotton is short in the staple, strong, much like wool in the hand, and as good as Upland American; a second has been introduced, as is seen in the name, being foreign cotton; and a third variety of very superior quality, very long in the fibre, though usually believed to belong to South America, was found right in the middle of the continent—in the country of the Makololo. A tree of it was eight inches in diameter, or like an ordinary apple-tree. And all these required planting not often than once in three years. There is no danger of frost, either to injure the crops. No sooner, however, had we begun our labors among the Manganga, than the African Portuguese, by supplying the Ajana with arms and ammunition, to be paid for in slaves, produced the utmost confusion. Village after village was attacked and burned, for the Manganga, armed only with bows and arrows, could not stand before fire-arms. The bowman's way of fighting is to lie in ambush, and shoot at his enemy unawares, while those with guns, making a great noise, cause the bowmen to run away, and the women and children become captives. This process of slave-hunting went on for some months, and then a panic seized the Manganga nation. All fled down to the river, only anxious to get that between them and their enemies; but they had left all their food behind them, and starvation of thousands ensued. The Shire Valley, where thousands lived at our first visit, was converted literally a valley of dry bones. One cannot now walk a mile without seeing a human skeleton. Open a hut in the now deserted village, and there were two skeletons, and a little one rolled up in a mat lying between them. I have always hated putting the name of my failure upon anyone else, from a conviction that a man ought to succeed in all feasible projects in spite of everybody, and now I am not to be understood as casting a slur upon the Portuguese in Europe. The Viscount de Lavradio, the Viscount de Sa' da Bandeira, and others are as anxious to see the abolition of the slave trade as could be desired. But the evil is done by the assertion in Europe of dominion in Africa when it is quite well known that they have only a few half-castes, the children of convicts by black women, who have actually to pay tribute to the pure natives. Were they of the smallest benefit to Portugal? if anyone ever made a fortune and went home to spend it in Lisbon or if any pleasure whatever could be derived by the Portuguese government from spending £5,000 annually on ready governors who all live up at the slave trade the thing could be understood. But Portugal that began the slave trade and the law to end it. To policy, which has been so eminently successful in the great nation like ours cannot get rid of that.

The Good Time Coming.—I am firm in the faith that God means better things for us than that we should be swallowed up in the whale's belly for three or four days. I believe that God means for us in these threatening suscites only that trial of our faith which shall vindicate it, and bring us out more victorious than ever yet we have been in all this struggle. And then again shall be seen that which took place on the formation of the present government. For I read that when Boston was besieged, when her ports were shut, and when the armies were gathering in New England, from that very ground where the battle now rages, convoys of provisions were sent to Virginia, to feed the mouths of patriotic citizens, from beyond the Blue Ridge, and from the Shenandoah Valley, poured forth meat, and wine for their wounds; and the voice of liberty shall be heard in all that State of noble ancestry. And when the cannon has done its roar, and the gunners of old, "away with him" away with him!

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